

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

# All The Year Round

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## THE YELLOW FLAG.

BY EDMUND YATES,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "NOBODY'S FORTUNE," &c. &c.

### BOOK II.

#### CHAPTER VIII. SO FAR SUCCESSFUL.

WHEN Martin Gurwood knew that Pauline had started again for Hendon, that there was no possibility of departing from the scheme which she had proposed, and to the carrying into effect of which he had given his reluctant consent, he felt more than ever nervous and uncomfortable. That he had made a great mistake in admitting Madame Du Tertre into his confidence at all, and that he had enormously magnified that error by permitting her to take a leading part in the plot, and to import into it mystery and a positive danger, he knew full well. How he should be able to account for his proceedings to Humphrey Statham, who, he felt sure, would be eminently dissatisfied with all that had been done, he did not know.

That was a wretched evening for Martin Gurwood. He and his mother dined in solemn state together, and during the repast and afterwards, when they were seated in the vast drawing-room, where Mrs. Calverley's work-table and reading-lamp formed a mere oasis of light in the midst of the great desert of darkness, he had to listen to an unbroken plaint, carried on in an unvaried monotone. "Was there ever such a life as her's? What had she done that she should be so afflicted? Why was her advice never taken? If it had been, Mr. Gurwood would not have killed himself with drink; Mr. Calverley would have had nothing to do with the ironworks worry, which had undoubtedly caused his

death. What was to become of the business? The arrangements made in Mr. Calverley's will sounded all very right and proper, but she very much questioned whether they would be found to work well. Was not too much mastery and power given to Mr. Jeffreys? He had been a confidential clerk certainly, but it was by no means to be argued from that that he would be either as industrious or as useful when placed in command. She could bear testimony to that from her experience of Mr. Calverley, whom she had known in both positions." And so on and so on.

Mrs. Calverley did not require, or indeed expect, any reply to her series of wearisome questions, or comment on her dull string of complaints. She was quite satisfied with the interjectional "Ah!" "Well!" and "Indeed!" which Martin threw in from time to time, and it was well that she required nothing more, for her companion would have been entirely unable to give her a rational answer, or, even had he been called upon to do so, to state what she was talking about. Martin Gurwood's thoughts were at Rose Cottage. Madame Du Tertre must have arrived there by that time; must have seen that poor pretty young creature. A strange woman Madame Du Tertre, and, to his mind, not too trustworthy; but she had expressed kindly feelings towards this girl, and when she saw her, that kindly feeling could not fail to be increased. That was a horrible notion—taking advantage of her weakness to give her a sleeping draught! He did not like to think of that; and yet he was compelled to admit that he did not see how anything else could have been done. Pauline's possession of their secret was an unpleasant element in the story which he had to tell Statham, but had he not taken

her into his confidence he felt that he should have bungled the business which he had undertaken, and that very likely by that time both Mrs. Calverley and the tenant of Rose Cottage would have become acquainted with the positions which they held towards each other. How long they could be kept in ignorance of those positions was a matter of doubt, but for the temporary respite they were indebted to Madame Du Tertre, and Martin thought he would put that very strongly to Humphrey Statham the next morning. His last thoughts before dropping off to sleep were given to Rose Cottage, and in his dreams he saw the pretty pale-faced, tearful girl with the dark-eyed, black-browed woman bending over her.

He expected a letter from Hendon by the early morning's post, but it was mid-day before it arrived. Martin sat in the dining-room by himself, anxiously expecting it; he heard the postman's knock resounding through the street, and when it reached the door, he felt an inclination to rush out and clear the letter-box himself. Only one letter was brought in to him by the footman, but he knew at a glance that it was the one he wanted. Martin waited until the servant had left the room before he broke the seal; then he seated himself in the big arm-chair, and read as follows:

Hendon. Thursday, midnight.

MY DEAR M. MARTIN,—You will, I know, be most anxious to learn how I have prospered in my undertaking, and I would willingly have given you earlier information had it been possible. As, however, it is advisable to observe secrecy, I shall not intrust a messenger with my letters, but shall send them by the post, and take them to the office myself. This may occasionally cause some slight delay, but it will be surest and safest in the end.

By the place from which this letter is dated, you will see that I have carried out my intention. I am writing at a table by her bedside, and as I raise my eyes from the paper they fall upon her lying asleep close by me. Ah, M. Martin, I told you that I was a woman fertile in resources, and generally successful in what I attempt. That there was no vanity or boasting in this, my present position gives, I think, ample proof.

But to tell you my story from its commencement. I took the letter which you handed me, and, fortified by the inward feeling that, though you said nothing, you had breathed a silent prayer for my success,

I set out once more for the place where we had held our morning's conversation. On arriving at the gate, I perceived my little playfellow of the morning. Ah, I forgot to mention to you that while you were in the house, and just before you appeared at the dining-room window, I had made acquaintance with a very pretty child, whom I had found playing in the garden, and had ingratiated myself with her by returning the ball which she had thrown to my side of the hedge. It is part of the scheme of my life, M. Martin, to ingratiate myself with everybody; some day they may have an opportunity of making themselves useful to me.

Behold an exact example of this in the present instance! The child saw me at once, and ran forward to announce my arrival to her mother. Had I in the morning been cross or ungracious, had I made a bad impression, that impression would have been communicated by the child, and my reception would at once have been compromised. As it was, the child cried out, "The dark lady has come again; here she is at the gate," and went on to mention my having returned the ball, and spoken pleasantly to her. I heard this, for by that time I had walked up the garden, and was close by the door. There she stood in the porch, her bonnet and shawl on, her head bent eagerly forward, peering into the dusk. She was waiting for you, M. Martin, and so intent was she on your coming, that she seemed unable to think of anything else. My arrival did not impress her at all; until I mentioned your name she scarcely looked at or listened to me.

The name roused her at once. Where were you? she asked. You had promised to be there more than an hour ago to take her to London. Why did I speak of you? What brought me there?

My morning's adventure with the child served me just then. I said—do not be angry, M. Martin, I was compelled to make some excuse—I said that I was the wife of your brother (I would have said your sister, but my French accent would have betrayed me); that I had been with you there in the morning, to be ready in case my services were needed; that while you entered the house I remained outside and talked with the child, as she had already heard; that I had come direct from you that evening, and that I was the bearer of a letter which would explain my errand.

"A letter!" she cried. "Then he is not coming?"

"The letter will show you, madame, that he cannot come, but that he has sent me to take his place, and to act precisely as he would have done."

She looked disappointed, but she took the letter, and, walking into the little hall, where a light was burning, read it eagerly. Then she said, "You know the contents, madame. Mr. Gurwood says that you, instead of he, will be my guide—let us start at once."

I suppose she saw something in my face, for she changed colour almost immediately and said that she begged my pardon, that she was acting very inhospitably, and that I doubtless required some refreshment after my drive. Not refreshment, I told her, but rest. Five minutes would make very little difference to her. If she would allow me to sit down for that time, I should be ready to start at its expiration. She didn't like the delay, poor child, I saw that plainly enough, but she was too kind, too well-bred to refuse, and she took me into the dining-room and rang for wine.

I was glad to hear her give this order, partly because I stood in great need of refreshment myself, for I had had no chance of taking any in Walpole-street, but principally because ever since my arrival I had been wondering how I should find an opportunity of administering that little draught, upon the action of which my hopes for successfully carrying out our plans depended. You know my original idea was to give her this draught under the guise of a restorative, but when once I saw her, I allowed to myself that this plan would not do. Partly from the glimpse I had caught of her at the dining-room window, partly from your description, I had presupposed her to be a weak, irresolute creature, capable of being easily swayed, glad to accept any suggestion without deliberating whether it might be for her good or her harm; a pretty fool, in fact.

Mrs. Claxton—it is a nice sounding name, and one may as well call her by it as by any other—is pretty and delicate, but by no means weak, and any person who would attempt to influence her must have an exceptionally strong will. I saw this at a glance, and recognised the fact, that being, as she is, quick-witted, her suspicions might be aroused, in which case there would be an end to our scheme. It was necessary, therefore, to try other tactics, and I was beating my brain for them, when the entrance of the servant with the wine and glasses gave me the

requisite clue. The poor girl, with trembling hand, poured me out a glass of wine, and then left the room to fetch some biscuits, for which I had ventured to ask. I took the opportunity of her absence to pour some wine into the other glass, and to fill it up with the contents of the little bottle I had brought in my bag. The liquid was colourless and tasteless, and though I half smiled to myself as I emptied it into the wine-glass, the action reminding me as it did of the heroines of M. Eugène Sue's novels, or of the Porte St. Martin dramas, I knew well enough that its result, though sufficient for our purpose, would be harmless.

Mrs. Claxton returned with the biscuits. "See," said I, pointing to the glass, "I have poured out some wine for you. You have passed a day of intense excitement, and have still a most trying ordeal to go through, you will need to have all your courage and all your wits about you. Drink this, it will give you strength. She smiled feebly, such a desolate, dreary smile, but made no objection; on the contrary, "She had had nothing all day," she said, "and thought that the wine might do her good." So she took the glass and quietly swallowed its contents.

I suppose if you had been there, M. Martin, you would have expected to see the girl drop down, her eyes closed, her senses gone? That is the way in the novels and the drama, but that is not the effect of the little tisane which I have more than once had occasion to prepare. That effect never varies. Mrs. Claxton watched me with apparent interest as I was eating my biscuit, and, though she said nothing, she seemed perfectly to understand me when I proposed to go. At that moment, seeing the nurse pass the window, carrying the little child, who was being taken to bed, I beckoned to her. The woman opened the door, and I had just said to her, "Please tell my cabman we are coming out," when Mrs. Claxton sank backwards in her chair. I had been anticipating this; so bidding the nurse carry the child away, and send one of the other servants to me, I bent over the poor girl, and with the aid of the housemaid, who speedily arrived, went through the usual restorative processes which are employed with persons who are supposed to have swooned. While these, which I need scarcely say were of no effect, were being carried on, I learned from the servant that, owing to the news which had been brought to her by the clergyman that

morning, her mistress had been in a dreadful low state all day, and that the wonder of the household was that she had kept up so long. This state of things exactly favouring my purpose, I soon disposed of the idea which had been started by the nurse, that Doctor Broadbent should be sent for, and when I had had the poor girl carried up-stairs, my announcement that I should instal myself as nurse, and pass the night by her bedside, excited no great surprise.

Lying there, with her long hair floating over the pillow, her features tranquil and composed, her breathing soft and regular, she is very beautiful! So beautiful that I can quite understand the dead man being in love with her. So beautiful that were I writing to any one but you, M. Martin, I should say I could almost forgive him for it. Meanwhile, it is satisfactory to us to think that the respite which we have gained by her inaction is purchased at the cost of no pain or ill suffered by her. Her sleep is as sound and as health-giving as though it had been natural, and there is no doubt that the rest will really be of service to her in serving as a preparation for the troubled time to come.

So here ends my bulletin. What events to-morrow may have in store for us, of course I know not; but I think that the patient will sleep for at least another twenty-four hours, and I knew you would be desirous to hear as soon as possible of her state. If you have anything to say to me you can send it safely by letter; but if I do not hear from you, I shall hold to the plan which we arranged together.

Your friend,  
PALMYRE DU TERTRE.

Six A.M.

P.S.—I have kept my letter open till now. She still remains in the same state.

The emotions experienced by Martin Gurwood when he arrived at the conclusion of this lengthy epistle were so conflicting, that he thought it advisable to give as little personal consideration to the matter as possible, and to lose no time in submitting his story and the letter to Humphrey Statham, and obtaining that clear-headed friend's advice upon both.

On arriving at Change Alley, and revealing himself to the gaze of Mr. Collins, Martin was surprised to find that confidential creature brighten up at his approach, and to hear him express pleasure at his arrival.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Gurwood," he said. "Perhaps now you have come the governor will be a little easier in his mind. He has been in and out of the room half a dozen times in the day for the last three days, asking us all if we were quite sure that you had not been, and giving directions that you were to be sent in to him directly you arrived. I will go in and tell him at once."

The chief clerk passed into his principal's room, and returned immediately. "You are to go in," he said, and the next moment Humphrey Statham had Martin Gurwood by the hand.

"Here at last," he cried. "I have been expecting you from hour to hour—what on earth has detained you?"

"Nothing. I came as quickly as I could—directly I had anything to say, as I will prove to you in a minute. But what has made you so strangely anxious?"

"My dear fellow, I am anxious about anything in which I take an interest, and I have taken an interest in this matter. Now to the point. You have seen this lady?"

"I have."

"And you have broken the truth to her; explained to her the fearful position in which she stands?"

"I have not."

"Gurwood!" said Humphrey Statham, taking a pace backward, and looking steadily at his friend. "Is this the way in which you have discharged your mission? Did you not undertake——"

"Wait and hear me before you condemn," cried Martin, raising his hand in appeal. "I am as weak as water—no one knows that better than myself—but I had made up my mind to go through with this duty, and I would have done so had it not been for circumstances against which I could not struggle. Have you never heard me mention the name of Madame Du Tertre?"

"Madame Du Tertre?" repeated Humphrey, somewhat astonished at what he imagined to be his friend's sudden branching off from the subject. "No, I have never heard the name."

"She is a Frenchwoman, who, through some strange influence, I never knew exactly what, has been acting as my mother's companion for some little time, living in the house in Great Walpole-street, and being, in fact, half friend, half servant. You comprehend the position?"

Humphrey Statham bowed his head in acquiescence.

"She is a woman of great strength of character—little as I know of the world I am able to see that—and has not merely obtained a vast influence over my mother, but, as I now believe, has made herself thoroughly acquainted with most of our private affairs."

"You don't mean to say that she knows—?"

"Wait and hear me. This woman, from something that occurred during Mr. Calverley's lifetime, seems to have entertained some suspicion of the Claxton mystery. The morning after his death, when I happened to be alone in the room with her, she found some means of alluding to some partnership in the house at Mincing-lane, and of introducing the name of Claxton. I tried to pass the thing off as lightly as I could, but I was horribly confused, and I dare say I made a mess of it; at all events her suspicions were not abated, for when I came out of Rose Cottage, after my first interview with that poor creature, I found this Frenchwoman waiting for me close by the gate."

"She had followed you to Hendon, then," cried Statham. "What explanation did you give for your being there?"

"What explanation could I give? Even though I had designed to tell a lie I could not have framed one calculated to have escaped her detection."

"Do you mean to say, then, that this intriguing Frenchwoman, who is in Mrs. Calverley's confidence, knows all?"

"All!"

Humphrey Statham shrugged his shoulders, plunged his hands into his trouser-pockets, and sank back in his chair with the air of a man for whom life has no further interest.

"You cannot realise my position," cried Martin. "It was with this very power that she possesses over Mrs. Calverley that she threatened me. And she has expressed her willingness to aid us in our plans, provided I do not interfere with her management of my mother."

"If anything had to be said to her it was better to tell her all," said Humphrey Statham; "a half-confidence is always a mistake. So this charming creature knows all about the double mystery of Calverley and Claxton, and promises to render us assistance in our endeavours to do the best for all persons concerned! Well, it is a most confounded nuisance that she knows anything about it; but as it is, I don't know that she might not be made useful."

"She has made herself useful already," said Martin Gurwood. "You should have never sent me on this errand, which I was utterly incapable to fulfil. I saw this poor girl, and, as kindly as I could, told her of the death of this man—her husband, as I called him—but when she pressed to be taken to him, imagining that he was only just dead, I was entirely nonplussed, and knew not what to say. You had given me no instructions on that head, you know."

"By Jove, no; that was an omission," said Statham, rubbing his head. "How did you manage?"

"After a struggle I told her that the body was lying at Mr. Calverley's house in Great Walpole-street, and that as she did not know Mrs. Calverley, it would be necessary to apprise that lady of her visit. So I left her, promising to return in the evening and take her with me. It was then I met Madame Du Tertre."

"Well, what did she say?"

"She said that my plan was absurd, and that it was all important that the actual state of things should be kept from Mrs. Claxton for some time longer."

"She was right in both instances," said Humphrey Statham, nodding. "But how did she propose to do it? I confess I don't see my way!"

"How she has done it you will perceive by this letter which I have just received."

And Martin handed Pauline's letter to his friend, and watched him keenly as he perused it.

Humphrey Statham read the document through with great attention. Only twice he showed symptoms of astonishment—once by his uplifted eyebrows, once by a low but prolonged whistle. When he had finished reading the letter, he still retained it in his hand.

"She is a clever woman, by Jove!" he said, "and a thoroughly unscrupulous one; this letter shows that. I don't like this sleeping draught business; that is a remarkably awkward feature in the case, though it seems to be going on all well, and it certainly is giving us the time we required. When this poor girl wakes you and I must both of us be present to tell her plainly the truth; you in your clerical capacity, and I—well—in my worldly capacity, I suppose. 'Very beautiful,' eh?" he said, referring to the letter. "She is very beautiful. A soft, touching kind of beauty which appeals to me more than any other. And the child," he continued, again glancing at the letter. "You remarked that I took

special interest in this matter, Gurwood! You would scarcely fancy now that that child is the link between me and the Claxton mystery!"

"The child!" cried Martin Gurwood. "How is that?"

"I will tell you the story some day," said Statham, looking moodily into the fire. "Depend upon it, my friend, not every woman who is betrayed is so mercifully deceived as this poor creature has been!"

### SEaweeds.

SEaweeds, it may be supposed, are weeds of the sea; but that name does them great injustice. No plants ought to be called weeds, where every plant has an equal right to grow. A weed is an intruder, a plant out of its place. A cabbage in a tulip-bed is a weed; and a tulip in a plot of onions is equally a weed. If we could cultivate either the deeps, the slopes, or the surface of the sea, then superfluous intruding algae might, with some show of justice, be called seaweeds. But as no agricultural society has as yet proposed to reclaim the bottom of the sea, we ought in fairness to regard seaweeds as, in every respect, something more than "claimants." They are where the Great Author of Nature has placed them, holding their own by ancient and prescriptive tenure.

If antiquity goes for anything, sea plants are probably older than land plants, just as sea animals were antecedent to land animals. We may regard with veneration the famous dragon-tree of Teneriffe, lately fallen, whose age is calculated at six thousand years. But still more venerable is the gigantic Gulf-weed, *Sargassum bacciferum*, the berry-bearing sargasso, which frightened Columbus's sailors by the obstacles it offered to his vessel's progress. They thought it marked the limits of navigation. This weed remains at the present day exactly as Columbus saw it, without the slightest sign of decrepitude. To the eye, at a little distance, it looks substantial enough to walk upon. Fancy a plant which fills a sea and occupies a respectable space in the map of a hemisphere! Well may Australian skippers mention it as "long kelp" in their logs. But more about this sargasso anon.

We can in no sense designate as weeds the oyster-trees and cockle-trees which Baron Munchausen, during his submarine

ride, found flourishing at the bottom of the sea. They were one of the skits (very telling at the time) which the "Baron" threw out against certain travellers, Mungo Park especially, most of whose wondrous tales have since been proved to be veritable facts. The shell-fish-bearing bush is now known to botanists as the mangrove, and is thus described by an early observer:

"Sierra Leonna, part of Guinea, is so fertile, that oranges, figs, and citrons grow almost without any culture. There is the oyster-tree, which has no other fruit but oysters; it has a very broad leaf, and almost as thick as leather, having small knobs like those of the cypress. The boughs hang down a good way into the water, and are overflowed by the tide; on the mud and slush that sticks to them, the young oysters breed there fasten, and that in such vast numbers that one can hardly see anything almost but long ropes of oysters."

Seaweeds are flowerless plants, which are nourished throughout their whole surface by the medium in which they vegetate. This accounts for their rapid growth, even during the dead season and the chilly months. Mr. Stephenson found that a rock off the coast of Scotland, uncovered only at spring tides, which had been chiselled smooth in November, was thickly overgrown in the following May with *Fucus digitatus* two feet, and *F. esculentus* six feet in length.

The root of seaweeds is not a real root, like that of non-parasitic land plants. It is a sucker, a means of attachment, a mooring cable; but it is not a root whose numerous mouths supply the body of the plant with food. The Gulf-weed floats in enormous masses, without any root at all, stretching across the sea in ridges from ten to twenty yards wide, and of indefinite length. In this situation it continues to grow luxuriantly, and appears to multiply itself by offsets, at first accidentally broken off, and immediately establishing themselves as independent plants.

Seaweeds also are propagated by zoospores—locomotive seeds which swim about freely with apparently voluntary movements, as if they were making the most of their liberty and sowing their wild oats before settling down in life. The colour of the spores affords the means of subdividing the class, seaweeds, into three groups or orders, namely, *Melanospermeæ*, dark or black-spored algae, *Rhodospermeæ*, red-spored, and *Chlorospermeæ*, green-spored.

Though very different from each other

in form, colour, and general appearance, seaweeds all agree in the important point of being composed exclusively of cellular tissues. They have not continuous vessels, like those of flowering plants, but consist of cells differently arranged, or of gelatine, membrane, and endochrome, a hard word for the miscellaneous contents of a cell.

If you gather a branch of chrysanthemum, let it lie on your table till the leaves become limp and drooping, and then place the broken end of the stalk in a glass of water, the leaves and the tip of the stem will revive, recovering their former firmness; which is a proof that the water has risen through the continuous vessels of the plant. But if one part of a seaweed be plunged in water while the remainder is exposed to the air, only what is in the water remains fresh, the rest withers and becomes dry. In the same manner, if a dried specimen of seaweed be in part immersed in water, while the part that is immersed becomes filled with the fluid, and assumes a fresh appearance, the part that is not in the water remains as dry as ever.

The simple structure of these plants, in their young state, and while of diminutive stature (which with not a few is permanent) enables us to look them through and through while living in their natural and ordinary conditions. They live in glass houses, as it were, or rather they themselves are glass, transparent, with nothing that lies within them hid. With them, the microscope penetrates mysteries of organisation which are either altogether inaccessible, or only to be discovered by difficult dissections, in the higher forms of vegetation. And yet seaweed is both strong in its simplicity and capable of enormous growth. In the space between the Azores, Canaries, and the Cape Verd Islands lies the great Sargasso Sea. Covering an area equal in extent to the valley of the Mississippi, it is so thickly matted over with Gulf-weed that the speed of vessels passing through it is often much retarded. The weed always "tails to" a steady or a constant wind, so that it serves the mariner as a sort of anemometer, telling him whether the wind as he finds it has been blowing for some time, or whether it has but just shifted, and which way. Columbus, as we have said, first found this weedy sea on his voyage of discovery. There it has remained to this day, moving up and down, and changing its position, like the calms of Cancer, as affected by the seasons, the storms, and the winds.

According to Maury's high authority, exact observations as to its limits and their range, extending back for fifty years, assure us that its mean position has not been altered since that time.

There is also a sargasso to the west of the Cape of Good Hope, which, though comparatively small, is clearly defined. Mention is generally made of it in the logs as "rock-weed" and "drift matter." The weedy space about the Falkland Islands is probably not a true sargasso. The seaweed reported there most likely comes from the Straits of Magellan, where immense masses of algae grow. Those straits are so encumbered with seaweed that steamers find great difficulty in making their way through it. It so clogs their paddles as to make frequent stoppages necessary.

Seaweed is the mother and nurse of life. In all parts of the world, Mr. Darwin observes in his Voyage of the Beagle, a rocky and partially protected shore supports, in a given space, a greater number of individual animals than any other station. A remarkable instance of the fact is afforded by the kelp, *Macrocystis pyrifera*, a plant which grows on every rock from low-water mark to a great depth, both on outer coasts and within channels. During the voyages of the Adventure and Beagle, not one rock near the surface was discovered which was not buoyed by this floating weed. It thus affords good service to vessels navigating near the stormy shores of Tierra del Fuego, and has certainly saved many a one from being wrecked.

Mr. Darwin knows few things more surprising than to see this plant growing and flourishing, in its simply organised strength, amidst the great breakers of the Western Ocean, which no mass of rock, let it be ever so hard, can long resist. The stem is round, slimy, and smooth, and seldom has a diameter of so much as an inch. A few stems taken together are sufficiently strong to support the weight of the large loose stones to which in the inland channels they grow attached; and yet some of these stones were so heavy that, when drawn to the surface, they could scarcely be lifted into a boat by one person.

Captain Cook, in his second voyage, says that this plant, at Kerguelen Land, rises from a greater depth than twenty-four fathoms; "and as it does not grow in a perpendicular direction, but makes a very acute angle with the bottom, and much of it afterwards spreads many fathoms on the

surface of the sea, I am well warranted to say that some of it grows to the length of sixty fathoms and upwards." Does the stem of any other plant attain so great a length as three hundred and sixty feet, as this is stated to do by so veracious a writer as Captain Cook? Captain Fitzroy, moreover, found it growing up from the greater depth of forty-five fathoms, or two hundred and seventy feet, before it began to spread. The beds of this seaweed, even when not of great breadth, make excellent natural floating breakwaters. It is curious to see, in an exposed harbour, how soon the waves from the open sea, as they travel through the straggling stems, sink in height, and pass into smooth water.

The number of living creatures of all orders, whose existence intimately depends on the kelp, is wonderful. On shaking the great entangled roots, a pile of small fish, shells, cuttle-fish, crabs, sea-eggs, star-fish, and crawling animals of a multitude of forms, all fall out together. Amidst the leaves of this plant numerous species of fish live, which nowhere else could find food or shelter; with their destruction the many cormorants and other fishing birds, the otters, seals, and porpoises, would soon perish also; and lastly, the Fuegian savage, the miserable lord of that miserable land, would redouble his cannibal feasts, decrease in numbers, and perhaps cease to exist. The kelp is therefore a direct check on anthropophagy, and consequently an indirect sustainer of that branch of the human race.

Although we have not these colossal plants, containing fauna of their own, within our reach, still our native shores furnish us with many favourable opportunities for the study of marine botany. The ocean, and its straits which surround us, give the seaweeds they produce far more easily and liberally than do the tideless Mediterranean or the Baltic. At low water, and a little before and after it, we can search at leisure for the species that suit our requirements or our taste; whereas in seas where the water is always at nearly the same level, the only mode (and that imperfect) of obtaining specimens, is to dive after them, or grub them up with iron-tipped poles or other clumsy instruments.

When obtained, they make pleasing and interesting objects, not to speak of their utilitarian value. Herbaria and horti siccii are hay; useful, botanical, scientific hay, no doubt, but very poor representatives, death-like images of the living plant or flower;

but seaweeds, well prepared, are pictures. Many species, so preserved, are faithful portraits of their living selves, and can with difficulty be distinguished, if at all, from careful drawings exquisitely coloured. Much depends on their arrangement upon the paper, and the forms they are made to take. The position in which they naturally grow is the proper position to place them in. Some professional preparers, however, delight in grouping certain singular seaweeds, such as *Padina pavonia*, in wheels, rosettes, stars, and so on—as we see butterflies and shells arranged to form coloured patterns; but this very questionable taste will not be encouraged, or imitated, either by the artist or the true naturalist.

The whole secret of their manipulation consists in arranging them in water. For this, the most convenient apparatus is a square tin bath, having a slight inclination of its bottom towards one of the corners, which is furnished with a tap to draw the water off. Put a square of drawing-paper at the bottom of the bath, cover it with water to the depth of an inch or two, in this put your specimen of seaweed, and arrange its branches satisfactorily with the help of a couple of knitting-needles. If the specimen be too thick and crowded, cut out superfluous fronds with a pair of scissors. When you have made it lie on the paper as you wish, let off the water very gently. For want of a bath you may do it in a common hand-basin, with your left hand under the paper, and arranging the seaweed with your right. Place the paper with its specimen on a sheet of blotting-paper doubled to the same size. Then cover the specimen with a piece of plain muslin; on this put another sheet of blotting paper, and subject the whole to steady pressure. If you have not a regular press, a few heavy books, or a board and a weight will do. You may thus press a number of specimens, one placed on the top of the other. After a day or two uncover them, to see that the muslin does not stick to the seaweed, then return them to the press till they are gradually dried. You will thus compile a manual of algae, with coloured plates, nature-printed.

While at the seaside many holiday-makers may wish to taste the seaweeds they collect, and so turn them to economical and useful, as well as to ornamental and botanical purposes. As a rule, the consumption of seaweeds at table is very local, depending entirely on custom, example,

and popular likings. It may be asserted that, generally, throughout the breadth of the United Kingdom, seaweeds are more frequently used as medicine than as diet; and yet, in some few places, they are in as great request as spring radishes or fresh-boiled shrimps. With every item of food at its present high price, an additional article which may be had for little or nothing—a nutritious purifier and a wholesome change—is surely worth an impartial trial. It requires less courage to partake of stewed seaweed than of unaccustomed molluscs and reptiles, foreign tit-bits—savoury-sauced snails and delicately-dished frogs—even including the world-famous turtle, if we saw the beast before we ate it.

Laver, for instance, *Porphyra laciniiata*, is an annual plant, growing on rocks between high and low-water mark, and therefore obtainable by all who choose to gather it. Its range extends nearly from pole to pole, causing it to vary in form and hue, but not hindering its easy recognition. Its fronds, mostly bluish purple, are occasionally tinged with olive green. Long stewing with pepper and butter reduces it to a dark-brown mucilaginous pulp of agreeable flavour, which, rendered more piquant by a dash of vinegar, makes a marine sauce by no means to be despised.

Laver is much esteemed in Cornwall. In Scotland and Ireland it probably tastes as well under the names of sloke, slounk, and slowkawn. Lady Harriet St. Clair includes it amongst her Dainty Dishes, and tells us, "Laver is usually bought prepared in pots, and then merely requires heating over a lamp and a squeeze of lemon added to it. Serve over a lamp, that it may be very hot. If you pick it fresh by the seaside, it requires most careful washing in many waters to get rid of the sand. Salt water is best to wash it in, if you can get it quite clear. It should then be slowly stewed for many hours in weak veal broth till it is quite a pulp; add more broth if it gets too dry."

This takes rank as a luxury. Another seaweed boasts medicinal merits. The carrageen, or Irish moss, of the shops is a seaweed, *Chondrus crispus*, which sojourners near a rocky coast may gather for themselves in abundance. It varies greatly in appearance; one of its specific names is *polymorphus*. The many forms it assumes are impossible to enumerate; nevertheless, those who have seen it once will have little difficulty in recognising it again. Harvey figures two varieties. The samples sold in

the shops are mostly bleached or colourless. As it grows, it is of a dull brownish red-increasing in depth with age. Spring and summer are the best seasons for gathering it. When fresh, it requires several careful washings and pickings over, separating the tufted fronds into sprigs. Boil it down, for two or three hours, in plain water, to a jelly; pass it through a cullender, and let it stand to settle. Pour it off from the impurities at the bottom, and use it for the preparation of jellies and blanc-manges exactly as if it were isinglass.

Carrageen is perhaps one of the restoratives which are assisted by faith on the part of those who take it; but want of faith neutralises almost every mode of medical treatment. When rendered as nearly insipid as possible by repeated steeping and washing (in which case much of its virtue may also be washed away), it still retains a certain flavour of the shore, which is distasteful to some, although others get to like it by use—just as there are invalids who become fond of cod-liver oil. A course of Irish moss blanc-mange is worth continuing, as it cannot be otherwise than good for constitutions with any tendency to scrofulous disease.

The British coasts supply three *Ulva*; *latissima*, the broadest; *lactuca*, lettuce-like; and *linza*, the narrowest, most beautiful, and least common. What *linza* meaneth, the present writer knoweth not. *Latissima* and *lactuca* are by some called green laver. They are used either raw as salad, or cooked like laver. They are probably Soyer's laver (unless he confounded them with the red), which he says "is merely washed, boiled, pulped, and potted by the fishermen's wives. It is considered wholesome; but I see nothing particular in it that can make it so, unless it is the small quantity of iodine that it contains. It should be dressed like spinach, and sent up very hot." One of Soyer's predecessors tells us, in 1807, that "Laver is a great sweetener of the blood. It is seldom liked at first, but people become extremely fond of it by habit." As a rule, old-established popular belief in these matters is seldom quite without foundation.

Spinach-dressed laver is generally served with mutton. Soyer introduced a new plan of cooking it, which has been liked by persons who formerly disliked it. Have some mashed potatoes: roll them out to the thickness of a quarter of an inch; cover this with some cold stewed laver nicely seasoned; put another layer of mashed

potatoes over, and allow the whole to get quite cold. Then cut it into square pieces ; egg and bread-crumb the surface, and fry or bake them to a nice light brown.

*Rhodymenia palmata* (long confounded with *Iridaea edulis*) is the famous dulse, remarkable for its sweet violet smell. It is red, often parasitical on other algae, and flourishes near low-water mark. The pinnæ at the base of the frond of *Alaria esculenta*, ladder-locks, as well as the midrib stripped of its membrane, are eaten in the Orkneys. *Laminaria saccharina*, sweet tangle, is washed and laid in the sun until the mannite comes out of it. In the north of Scotland a kind of sauce for fish or fowl, resembling ketchup, is made from the cup-like or fungus-like fronds of the sea-thong, *Himanthalia lorea*. The Gulf-weed is eaten in China ; in the East it is used in salads, and with vinegar it furnishes a pickle. When *Punctaria plantaginea* is fresh gathered it has the perfume of cucumbers so strong as to fill a room with its fragrance when the tin box containing it is opened. In this respect it is a vegetable smelt, and strongly tempts the cook to test its qualities. Whether other species of the genus have the same odour has not been noticed. Molluscs at least find them good eating, as the fronds are often found very much nibbled.

#### MOON WORSHIP.

ONE of the most natural evidences of a superior spirit in man, in the ancient unenlightened times, when science and the knowledge of facts had not partially revealed the infinite future, is to be found in the worship of the moon. The passions, vices, and troubles of mankind, emanating from sources which in their results alone were visible, led the unthinking ancients towards a belief in the ruling of events by the various unerring paths of the planets. Comparatively enlightened as we in our age must be considered, one cannot be altogether insensible to the fact that the sun, the moon, and the stars do really exercise very subtle effects upon the life and destiny of mankind ; although not so directly as the ancients believed. The record of the weather, as given daily in the English press, at various parts on the sea-coast and inland, with the different directions and forces of the winds, the aspect of the sky, and the temperature of the air, are collectively the result, to a great extent, of the powers which we call the planets, and which possess chemical

affinities with the earth. If a savage of some five thousand years since were to come to life again in our day, and plump himself down in any part of England during its visitation of sunshine, and there and then worship the great orb of day, he would simply be doing what we do ourselves, only in a more indirect and less demonstrative manner. The colours which we see around us, and which are simply the effects of sunlight, we seek out and admire ; and, like the savage of old, we assign them a cause. The researches of recent observations upon the occasion of sun eclipses have demonstrated the existence of magnificent colour in the immediate vicinity of the sun ; and further study will, no doubt, reveal the exact cause and effect of what we call, vaguely, colour.

Although the sometime presence of the sun and moon in daylight together may have appeared a singular coincidence to those races which had no such means of ascertaining causes as we have, still the element of thought to a great degree was brought to bear upon them, by ascribing to them the same emotions as those which form the character and events of mankind. Thus, the sun was considered the husband of the moon, and whenever the eclipse of the moon happened, ancient nations believed the sun to be angry with his wife. Job, in what is considered by some to be the oldest book in the Old Testament, mentions (chapter thirty-one) the worship of the moon in her brightness, by kissing of the hand to her. Many nations gifted with the faculty of increasing thought and observation, traced the illumination of the moon to the sun, and in the worship of the moon worshipped the sun also. The Greeks and Romans, adapting themselves to governmental polity and religion combined, worshipped, under a multiplicity of names and meanings, the moon. Thus, as Hecate, the moon was adored as a monster with three heads, signifying her threefold forms as the new, the full, and the waning moon. They honoured her as Luna, at her first appearance specially, with white and golden garments, and a burning torch to show her increasing light, in their representations or figures, as seen to this day. In fact, we may call it "figure-painting" as much as the pictures of the Japanese, and the mystical symbolisms of India and China. As Diana, the moon was worshipped in the habit of a woman, with a flaming torch in one hand, in the other two snakes, a bow and arrows on her shoulders, seated in a chariot harnessed to

two white deer, signifying light and motion. The light of the moon being serviceable to hunters, the moon was sometimes adored in a hunter's dress. Also as Juno, she was vested in ornaments of gold, and sitting in a chariot of mixed metals. Her power of maternity was also much believed in, and universally made an occasion of rejoicing. Her beauty, as Venus rising from the sea, in nature's garb, crowned with roses, was a very favourite aspect in which the Romans delighted to worship her. Also, as Ceres, bearing a sheaf of corn upon her head, the agricultural portion of the community had her in great honour. These were some of the more civilised aspects under which by-gone nations laid their adorations at the feet of the night goddess.

As late as three centuries since, the worship of the moon in Livonia was a common thing. The ancient Hungarians or Pannonians were addicted to the same practice.

In searching the history of religious movements in past ages, the great simplicity which existed in the form or rites of various ideas of sacred beings, in those nations whose occupations were more or less connected with the raising of food, or the arts of peace, is very apparent. The chaste aspect of the glorious full moon seems, as a rule, to have forbidden those horrible sacrifices which are familiar to every reader of history, and those frightful orgies which brought their own punishment in national extinction. Although the Arabians, the Persians, and the Scythians worshipped the moon, their mode was comparatively pure and simple—that of the Persian especially. He needed no temple or altar to make the adoration of nature more beautiful, but on the hill-top openly offered sacrifice, the beast offered having been destroyed by the blow of a club, while one of the Magi standing by chanted the genealogy of the god.

As might be expected, the nations of old near the North Pole, seeing very little of the sun compared to the moon, worshipped the latter and the north star. Once a year they sacrificed to each, deer, which they burnt, saving the heads and feet. The extraordinary tricks of the Northern Russian priesthood, adepts in jugglery, as related by trustworthy travellers, were sufficiently clever to establish in the minds of an ignorant people a complete supremacy; and we do not find, therefore, "planet worship" as part of the established religion of Northern Russia in early times.

The relationship which the Chinese royal family claims with the planets is too well

known to be commented on at any length. It is simply the corroboration of a national worship; a worship which was first assailed on its own grounds by Jesuits and Mahomedans. The birthday of the king or emperor, in olden times, was fixed for the first day of the new moon in February; and their secular priests, who were celibate (as were also their regular priests), were bound to celebrate the new and full-moon feasts; and an eclipse of either moon or sun was a matter of great consternation to the whole of religious China. In this matter of adoring the new moon the Chinese were followed by the natives of Pegu; and the natives of Goa, on first seeing the new moon, were in the habit of falling upon their knees and praying.

The strange worship which Oliver Noort relates as having been common amongst the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands, who considered the stars as the children of the sun and moon, and whose priests were mostly women, worshipping the sun with libations of swine's blood, and marking the worshippers with it on the forehead, is a study which will repay a few hours spent in ascertaining the customs of the religious ceremonies of this scattered section of the world.

The mad revels of the Egyptians, when worshipping the moon under the name of Isis—tumbling an ass over a precipice, cutting and slashing themselves with knives, and so on—read more like the conduct of a tribe of Africans than the worship of a semi-civilised race; and one can understand somewhat the mental blindness of Pharaoh, who could be a king over such men, and his incapacity to understand the existence of a God who had neither temple nor outward show. The ancient Ethiopians, or Abyssinians, worshipped the moon in great state in a magnificent temple, dedicated, after their conversion to Christianity, to the Holy Ghost.

Moon worship was very common, under various forms, throughout America, especially in the South, prior to that portion being invaded by the Spaniards. The moon in Florida was hailed with dances and songs, whilst the king was propitiated with the sacrifice of the first-born throughout the land. Evidently the moon, in this instance, was the gentler power. The tradition of the Flood used to be well preserved among the American Indians, and they believed that the moon was first visible when the steamy mist cleared away and land was again seen, from which it may be inferred that it was

night in North America when the surface of the world became dry again.

In Guiana, the natives believed the moon to contain a man, imprisoned there for a certain crime; and our English "man in the moon" may possibly have resulted from travellers' tales in the time of Drake and the early navigators, or freebooters, of Europe. The Peruvians, who immortalised almost everything useful or natural, held great religious festivals to the planets, seas, rivers, and natural phenomena; offering in the tenth month a hundred sheep to the moon, burning torches and washing themselves, in her honour, and then getting drunk for a period of four days.

The worship of the moon by the Germans was subsidiary to their estimation of the earth; whilst Mercury was considered by the Gauls the first and chief god. The Saxons adored the moon in the form of a woman with a short coat, having a hood with long ears, and the picture of the moon on her breast; and from the worship of the moon is our Monday named. Indeed, the sign of the "seven stars" or planets, which, besides the sun, were worshipped by the Saxons, is even now very common in many parts of England.

The short review we have given of the almost universal idea of man in worshipping forms of brightness, leads us naturally to the conclusion that the inherent wish of man's heart is not downward, but upward. Every nation that has developed into anything like mental culture, began, in its first struggles for emancipation of intellect and improvement, by setting up the fairest and most polished type of nature. The Germans, English, Indians, French, and other learned nations, have been all, at one time, open to this remark; and there is no doubt that the worship of the great phenomena of nature by gradually destroying the more brutal superstitions of earlier times, surely, if slowly, prepared the way for the reception of the purer and diviner faith of the later days.

#### HERO.

Her gold-brown hair in rippling wavelets flowed  
Adown her snow-white shoulders: and the light  
Of love expectant lit her violet eyes  
With Heaven's fire, as glows yon silver spark  
Upon the sable bosom of the night!

A tender rose-glow flushed o'er neck and brow,  
An unshed tear-drop quivered on the lash  
Of her far strained eye, to catch the form  
Of young Leander, supple-limbed and lithesome  
As poplar-stem, whilst o'er the cruel straits,  
The foamy-crested straits, that intervene  
'Twixt him and love, he takes his arrowy way.

He comes not! And a stifled sobbing sigh  
Lifts the white draplets on the maiden's breast,  
As higher yet she holds love's beacon up,  
A half-extinguished torch, and bodings dire  
Awaken in her soul.

The ravenous sea  
Rolls on, and cares not; till the dawning finds  
A maiden kneeling by a fair young corse:  
Her torch extinguished: and with piteous tears,  
Heart-broken, wailing, lone, and desolate,  
Moaning the flat of the ruthless gods!

#### CHRONICLES OF LONDON STREETS.

##### MODERN ST. PAUL'S.

WITHIN a year of the Great Fire, a temporary choir was fitted up at the west end of St. Paul's, the east being a mere ruin, and Bishop Sancroft preached there on the recent calamity. Repairs were attempted, and three thousand pounds wasted upon them, but in April, 1668, Sancroft wrote to Wren that what he whispered at his last visit had proved prophetic. The third pillar from the west on the south side had fallen with a sudden crash, and the next was unsafe. The whole work of Inigo Jones, in fact, threatened to become an absolute wreck. "You are so absolutely necessary to us," wrote the bishop, "that we can do nothing, resolve on nothing, without you." The rebuilding was at once decided upon, but not till 1673 were letters patent, announcing the determination, issued by the indolent, pleasure-loving king. The new cathedral was to exceed the splendour and magnificence of the old church, and to be "the principal ornament of our royal city." The king's zeal had taken seven years to rouse itself to action. Charles, always ready in promises, offered one thousand pounds a year from his privy purse, but in fact seems to have actually given nothing. Sheldon, the High Church primate, gave two thousand pounds. The other bishops contributed largely. Nearly every parish in England subscribed. But, best of all, a tax was laid on all coal brought to London by sea. The wits said as coal smoke had injured the old St. Paul's, and fire had eventually destroyed it, it was only fair that coal should help to rebuild it.

All eyes were now fixed on Wren. This great man was, according to tradition, of Danish descent. His grandfather was a rich London mercer; his uncle a bishop of Ely, imprisoned by Cromwell for his stubborn and aggressive loyalty; his father, chaplain in ordinary to King Charles, and rector of Knole, in Wiltshire, a pretty, lonely, Swiss-like village on the edge of the

great downs that run from Amesbury to Warminster. At Knoyle the great architect was born in October, 1632. Educated at Westminster by Doctor Busby, he displayed such early genius, that at thirteen he invented an astronomical instrument, a pneumatic engine, and a sowing machine. At Wadham College he ripened into greater distinction. After the Restoration, when a perfect fever for scientific experiment began to spread among the learned, Wren stood foremost among the philosophers, and helped Boyle to improve the barometer that Galileo's pupil had invented. At five-and-twenty he was appointed Professor of Astronomy at Gresham College, and at the Restoration he had already drawn up a sequence of fifty-three discoveries in various arts and sciences, from embroidery to whale-fishing, from the air-pump to a pedometer. Elected in 1659 Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford, he soon became a favourite of the king, who shared the general curiosity in the scientific discoveries of the day, and he even exhibited his model of the moon to the mocking courtiers and unblushing ladies of Whitehall. He was at once appointed surveyor to the king, having as a coadjutor Sir John Denham, the poet. The year before the Great Fire, Wren had visited Paris, and Bernini had shown him, but for a few minutes only, his design for the Louvre, which Wren says "I would have given my skin for." Charles, whose tastes and morals were both French, had invited to England Perrault, the builder of a new front to the Louvre. Had he come Wren would most probably have never had the rebuilding of St. Paul's assigned to him, and might have gone to Tangiers, and died there, superintending the fortification of our useless African possession.

Wren made two designs for St. Paul's. The model of the first was long preserved in the trophy room of the cathedral, and is now in South Kensington. It has been injured by mischievous visitors, and the long western portico has been lost or stolen. The beautiful design, that even in its geometric lines is lovely as a flower, was a Greek cross surmounted by a dome, which the clergy considered unorthodox. The effect, Mr. Penrose says, would have been like that sensation produced in a grand mountain defile, when one passes through a confined gorge from one fine opening to another. But the courtiers and clergy willed otherwise, and the result was the present Latin cross, and those recesses along the aisles of the nave, which, tradition

says, the Duke of York insisted upon as suitable for side chapels when the new cathedral should have been reconsecrated for the old religion.

The first stone was laid without ceremony, June the 21st, 1675. It was thought a singular omen that when Wren drew the great circle for the dome, and sent a mason to pick out a flat stone from the rubbish heap, to mark the exact centre, the man brought back a gravestone with the one word "*Resurgam*" still visible upon it. The ruins proved difficult of removal. Old walls, eighty feet high and five feet thick, still clung together, and the old tower, two hundred feet high, although still tottering and cranky, required gunpowder to bring it down. At last Wren sunk a box with eighteen pounds of powder in one of the pillars of the tower. This charge lifted a whole angle of the tower and four dependent arches nine inches in the air, and brought down headlong in one vast avalanche three thousand tons of stone. The people in the neighbouring streets, however, complaining of the dangerous explosions, Wren, ever ingenious, invented a huge battering ram, forty feet long, and worked by thirty men. After two day's vibration the most obstinate walls fell.

Finding the foundation loam and sand, Wren's assistant proposed to build on piles. "No," said the re-builder of St. Paul's; "in sand, between wet and dry! They will rot. I desire to build for eternity." The foundations, indeed, cost Wren great trouble. Below the British graves he found hard pot-earth; towards the south this thinned into loose dry sand; below the sand were shells. Forty feet down below low-water mark he came to hard beach, or gravel, and under that he struck the true London clay. He had already begun to lay the foundation from the west end through the dome, but at the north-east corner came to a pit, where potters had extracted all the pot-earth. To avoid this he built a square piece of solid masonry direct from the hard beach, and then turned a short arch to the upper foundation to support the north-east end of the choir. Avoiding the lines of the old walls, he declined the work more to the north-east. Two-and-twenty years the cathedral was building, but it rose during one episcopate. In his great plan for rebuilding London on an imperial scale of splendour and magnificence, Wren had proposed to lay out one vast street ninety feet wide, from Aldgate to Temple Bar, in the middle of which St. Paul's was to stand

in a large square, with clear elbow-room for piazzas, north, south, east, and west. The houses were to be all uniform, and built on piazzas, like Covent Garden, and from London Bridge to the Temple a broad embankment was to sweep, with room for all the halls of the City companies, and great warehouses for the merchants of London. Wren seems to have worked with generous and untiring zeal at his great *chef-d'œuvre*. For his poor two hundred pounds a year he designed everything, gave all directions to workmen and other officers, examined the accounts, and agreed for the price of workmanship and materials. He selected the Portland stone with infinite care, and kept his regiment of workmen in such order that in ten years he finished the walls of the choir and side aisles, with the north and south circular porticoes, and raised the pillars of the great dome. By the year of the glorious Revolution the timber was already purchased for roofing the aisles of the choir.

On December the 3rd, 1697, twenty-two years from the commencement, the cathedral was opened for divine service. It was a great day, the thanksgiving day for the peace of Ryswick, by which France at last, weary of fighting, acknowledged William's title to the throne of England. The king was to have been present, but it was said that the crowd of three hundred thousand people could never be penetrated by the royal cavalcade. "Bishop Compton," says Dean Milman, "took his seat on his throne, that throne, with the whole of the choir, rich with the exquisite carvings of Grinling Gibbons. For the first time the new organ pealed out its glorious volume of sound. The bishop preached the thanksgiving sermon. He took for his text that noble song, 'I was glad when they said unto me, let us go up into the house of the Lord.'"

But this ceremony only initiated new vexations for the great designer. Seven of the narrow-minded commissioners, inflated with their power, ignorant of art, and taking advantage of Wren's age, wished to thwart and persecute him. They represented that the work dragged; they complained that Wren insisted on an outer railing to the churchyard of hammered iron instead of cast; that the great bell was unsound, and had to be re-made; that the clock was always out of order; that Wren's master carpenter docked his men's wages, and let them purloin. To crown all, as a good practical proof of

hatred, they actually suspended the payment of the architect's paltry salary. Wren may have provoked some of this dislike by the almost unavoidable arrogance of genius when surrounded by petty enemies. He petitioned Queen Anne against the suspension of his salary, and replied to the charges against him in a pamphlet, which was at once contemptuous and convincing. The great bell, he showed, had been cracked by the greedy fee-takers, who, for money, allowed visitors to strike it with an iron hammer; the cast-iron railing of the commissioners was unsuitable in form and quality; the work had proceeded as fast as was consistent with strength and beauty; the deductions from wages were for short hours; the wood removed was all accounted for in the clerk's book. His defence was allowed to be convincing, and in 1711 his arrears of salary were reluctantly paid up. The next miserable dispute was about the organ and organ gallery. Contrary to Wren's advice, he was compelled to pile organ and organ gallery on the screen. The clergy also insisted on a snug enclosure of the choir, and especially on an outer balustrade of stone, which destroyed entirely the effect of Wren's plinth. Wren compared the balustrade to a vulgar edging, and condemned it as diametrically contrary to his own taste, as he had wished to crown the pediments simply with four statues. Wren's enemies then took the painting of the cupola out of his hands, and gave it to a wretched painter, Hogarth's father-in-law, Sir James Thornhill. Mosaic decorations, which Wren approved, the commissioners condemned as too costly. The covering of the cupolas was also fought over. Wren used lead costing two thousand five hundred pounds; the committee were for copper at three thousand and fifty pounds. Wren had designed a splendid baldachino for the east end of St. Paul's, and that was ruthlessly abandoned.

But the sorest blow was reserved for Wren's old age. To the new German king Wren was merely a builder whom the Stuarts had honoured. The great man who reared St. Paul's, and designed Greenwich Hospital, and some fifty of the London churches, was placed under an ignorant pretender named Benson, the same man who erected a tasteless monument to Milton in order to insert his own ignoble name as large as the poet's. Convicted, at last, of ignorance and incapacity, Benson would have been prosecuted had not the king interposed, and given him some val-

able sinecures. Wren retired to Hampton Court, there spent the residue of his days in scientific and religious studies, and at ninety-two died without a struggle. Horace Walpole tells us that once a year, at the close of his life, "the good old man" was carried in a sedan to see St. Paul's, "which seemed to recal a memory which was almost deadened to every other use." The old Duchess of Marlborough, when wrangling with Vanbrugh about the expense of building Blenheim, used to rail at Vanbrugh's charges, and tell him that Wren spent half his life being hauled up and down St. Paul's in a basket, and all for two hundred pounds a year. The total cost of St. Paul's is estimated by Milman at seven hundred and thirty-six thousand seven hundred and fifty-two pounds two shillings and three-pence halfpenny. For the carvings Gibbons received thirteen hundred and thirty-seven pounds seven shillings and fivepence. For the phoenix in bas-relief over the southern door Cibber obtained one hundred pounds. For subsequent repairs scanty provision was made, the main funds, consisting of a residue from the coal duty, and about five hundred pounds left by a Dean Clark. The charge of the fabric, however, was handed over to trustees, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Lord Mayor, and not to the dean and chapter.

The hostile criticisms on St. Paul's have been well answered by Allan Cunningham, himself a practical sculptor, and a man of refined taste. The Abbé May objects to the coupled columns of the grand portico, as the Corinthian capitals interfere with and obscure each other. But there is a tradition in Portland that no blocks of stone could be shipped large enough for the frieze of a portico with single columns; moreover, the meddling clergy are said to have decided to have a column for each of the twelve apostles—an allegorical but a foolish wish. The perpendicular portion of the dome is thought deficient in light and shade, but it is supposed that Wren feared the weight of abutments, and, even as it was, thought it necessary to girdle the whole dome with a double chain of massive iron linked together every ten feet, and bound over with lead. The mortar, Cunningham allows, is very defective, and when an outer stone is cut through to erect a monument the mortar gushes out in dust. Wren's first design, it is allowed, far excelled his second in "unbroken grandeur of outline," harmony of parts, and "solid

majesty of elevation." The angles of the interior, now even somewhat offensive, were in the first plan turned into graceful circular lines. Yet considering Wren's difficulties, the interference of the Duke of York, and the stupid obstinacy of the clergy, it must be allowed that he produced a magnificent building, exquisite in proportion, and, as a whole, beautifully harmonious as one of Beethoven's symphonies. St. Paul's is cramped and crowded, seen from the west only through the murky telescope of Ludgate-hill, yet high over the subject City it rises a landmark for all the home counties, the monarch of London buildings.

King William's visit to St. Paul's we have already mentioned, but there are other royal visits worthy of record. Queen Anne visited St. Paul's in state no fewer than seven times. In 1702, to give thanks for Marlborough's victories in the Low Countries, and for Rooke's burning the Spanish fleet at Vigo; in 1704 for the great battle of Blenheim; in 1705 for Marlborough's forcing the French lines at Tirlemont, in the Spanish Netherlands; in 1706 for Ramiiles; again in the same year for fresh successes; in 1707 for the union of England and Scotland; in 1708 for the battle of Oudenarde. In 1713 there was a thanksgiving with both Houses of Parliament for the treaty of Utrecht; but the queen was too unwell to come. On this day the London charity children—four thousand in number—were drawn up outside to see the arrivals. At these Queen Anne festivals the City balconies were hung with carpets, tapestry, and blue cloth, and the City companies had scaffolds, banners, and bands of their own, and stood forth in full dignity. In 1715, George the First went to St. Paul's in state on the occasion of his accession, with a shrewd eye in his old German head for Jacobite interruptions, but George the Second never visited St. Paul's at all.

In 1789, King George the Third, good, honest man, came with his sensible but somewhat snuffy queen to return thanks for the king's restoration to health. On this occasion, says Mr. Planché, the Prince of Wales's servants wore liveries of scarlet and gold; the Duke of Cumberland's and Duke of York's crimson and green; while eight cream-coloured horses drew the king's glass-coach, which was attended by six pages and six footmen. The lord mayor and aldermen daringly bestrode white horses decked with blue and white ribbons, the bridles being embroidered with the

motto, "God save the king." The streets, as far as Temple-bar, were lined with the foot-guards, and at Temple-bar the Society of Ancient Archers, in green uniforms, and with bows, arrows, and quivers, embroidered with "Long live the king," joined the procession. In 1797, the old king went again in state to St. Paul's to celebrate a general thanksgiving for naval victories, amply testified by three artillery waggons full of French, Spanish, and Dutch flags, won at Camperdown and elsewhere. Marines and volunteer foot and cavalry swelled the train, and, above all, Nelson and Duncan were there. The next royal visit was in 1814, when the Prince Regent attended a thanksgiving for Elba and the transitory peace, which ended in the death-blow of Waterloo, and the end of all at St. Helena.

St. Paul's, never really finished, still remained cold, blank, and unfurnished. In Dean Newton's time the eyes of English artists, eager for fame, suddenly opened to this defect; and Sir Joshua Reynolds, proud of the young Royal Academy, and always full of high aspiration, offered to decorate the walls, and even commenced designs such as Barry would have longed to rival. Dean Newton proposed that Reynolds and West should begin by filling two compartments over the door near the communion table. West, the most vapid and inane of pretentious painters, chose the Delivery of the Two Tables to Moses, Sir Joshua the Adoration of the Magi; but Bishop Terrick became alarmed, had dreams of the Scarlet Woman and the pageantry of Rome, and finally refused his consent.

For a long time the scruples of narrow-minded men shut out monuments from St. Paul's, and vain Dean Newton's own costly cenotaph was packed off to St. Mary-le-Bow. These scruples were at last overpowered by the national voice and the absolute necessity of things, for the Abbey was all but full. The first statue admitted was that of the benevolent Howard. The second statue was that of Doctor Johnson, though he was buried in the Abbey, where, as Boswell tells us, he had once wandered with Goldsmith, speculating on the possibility of such future fame. Dean Milman says that, when living in Bolt-court, Johnson was a frequent attendant at divine service at St. Paul's. Sir Joshua, who had urged the admission of his friend Johnson's statue, was the third who received this honour; next came Sir William Jones, that great Oriental soldier who did so much to render Eastern literature familiar to Europe.

During the great war with France, military and naval heroes were stricken down so quickly, that the sculptors were hardly able to produce monumental statues for St. Paul's fast enough. The first of these heroes whose cenotaph arose in St. Paul's was Rodney, and for that heap of allegory Rossi received six thousand pounds. The next was Lord Howe, "Black Jack," as the sailors called him, the hero of the battle of the First of June, a shattering blow to the French navy. The third was Lord Duncan, the victor of Camperdown, the statue is by Westmacott. After him came the Earl St. Vincent, with the colossal statues of History and Victory, by Bailey. Then monuments were erected to some of Nelson's paladins who fell before him. Captain Westcott, who fell at Aboukir, Captains Morse and Riou (the last immortalised by Campbell), who were killed before Copenhagen, and Captain Miller, who died at Acre.

Then came a mightier than all, a seaking indeed, the greatest of English admirals, the invincible Nelson. All England mourned that day when the great conqueror of France and Spain was brought from Trafalgar to be enshrined under the dome of St. Paul's. The body was preceded by the Prince of Wales, and all the princes of the blood. Sir Peter Parker, the admiral of the fleet, was the chief mourner. The coffin was covered with a union-jack, which the bronzed old sailors tore to pieces as relics when the coffin was lowered. Dean Milman, who, as a boy, was present at the funeral, says, "I heard, or fancied that I heard, the low wail of the sailors, who bore and encircled the remains of their admiral." The body of Nelson was entombed in a stately sarcophagus, which Torrigiano had designed for Cardinal Wolsey, and which had been long lying about as lumber at Windsor. On one side of Nelson rests his trusty follower, Collingwood, on the other Lord Northesk, another hero of Trafalgar.

Opposite to the monument of Nelson is that of the Marquis Cornwallis, twice governor-general of India. In dusty immortality the two Napiers, the conqueror of India and the author of the Peninsular War, fiery souls both, with eagle features, stand foremost among the Indian heroes. Nor must we forget Elphinstone, who twice refused the governor-generalship of India, and the brave Sir Henry Lawrence of Lucknow. Nor least of all those who have won a name in the East, are Bishops Middleton and Heber. There are monuments in St. Paul's to many brave soldiers of the

Peninsula, who fell in Talavera, Albuera, Ciudad Rodrigo, Salamanca, Vittoria, and Bayonne; nor have we been ashamed to express our natural gratitude to men who have perished even in repulses and defeats. There is a monument to Sir Isaac Brock, who fell near Niagara, also to soldiers of Bergen-op-Zoom, New Orleans, and Baltimore, and the monumental sequence of St. Paul's brings us down to the Crimean war, which is recorded by a cenotaph to eighteen officers of the Coldstream Guards who fell in that all but useless struggle.

When Wellington died it was at first intended that he should lie beside Nelson, but this being found impossible, his body was placed in an alcove of the crypt to the east. More than thirty years after Waterloo, Wellington, full of years and honours, sank into the grave. Dean Milman, who, as a boy, had seen Nelson buried, read the funeral service over the great duke. The pall was borne by eight general officers who had fought beside Wellington, and had survived him. The solemn procession of the soldiers who represented the English regiments, with the fitful wail of the Dead March in Saul perpetually recurring, will not easily be forgotten by those who were present. The two Houses and the City companies were present at the obsequies, and from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand persons filled the cathedral to see the dead hero laid to rest. The sarcophagus is of Cornish porphyry, simple, massive, and worthy of the man.

In the crypt with Reynolds lie many of his old friends and enemies: West, who succeeded him as president, and Lawrence, who succeeded West, quarrelsome Barry, whom he detested, Dance, rough Opie, Fuseli, the diablesque; but a greater than all these lies near Reynolds, according to his own request, and that man is William Mallord Turner. Once, when offered a poor price for his great picture of Carthage, Turner said, "Rather than take that I'll use it for my shroud;" but Carthage is now defying Claude in the National Gallery, and Turner lies here wrapped in less glorious cere-ments. In the extreme east of the crypt, under a little grated window, and behind a bar of prison rails, lies Sir Christopher Wren, covered with a black marble slab. The famous inscription, "Si monumentum requiris, circumspice," was formerly in front of the organ gallery, but its place has now been changed.

The laudable attempt to complete our national temple began in 1858, when the bishop urged the dean and chapter to

originate evening services to draw people, whom it might be impossible in any other way to attract. Dean Milman, in reply, ex-pressed his desire that the interior of the cathedral should be made worthy of its exterior grandeur and beauty. The dean wished for decorations that might combine splendour with solemnity, colour with sim-plicity. The dome, instead of brooding like a dead weight overhead, needed art that would elevate the soul towards Heaven. The sullen white of the roof arches, cornices, capitals, and walls, required to be broken and relieved by gilding. The whole ador-nment it needed demanded a mode of carrying out that should be rich and har-monious, and suited to the simple Protes-tant mode of worship. In pursuance of this letter of the dean's a committee was soon appointed, supported by many of the lead-ing merchants and traders of London, and amongst its active members were the emi-nent architects, Mr. Cockerell and Sir Charles Barry, a great admirer of Wren's genius, Mr. Tite, and Mr. Penrose. Zeal and talent soon accomplished much; a mag-nificent organ was purchased, service was initiated under the dome, and the vast build-ing was effectively warmed and lighted with gas. Most generous benefactors came for-ward, and chief among these was Mr. T. Brown, who gave a new west window, while the committee of the Memorial to Captain Fitzgerald presented a marble pulpit. The Drapers' Company and Goldsmiths' Com-pany gave a window each. Five of the City companies gilded the vaults of the choir and the arches adjoining the dome. Other private benefactors gave painted windows, nine in all, including those before mentioned. The great rings of the whispering and western gallery have been gilt, and the golden gallery, ball and cross, externally. A great picture of the Heavenly Jerusalem is to take the place of Sir James Thorn-hill's feeble grisailles in the vast cup of the dome. Mr. Watt's pictures of Saint Mark and Saint Luke have been wrought in mosaic for the spandrels of the great dome arches; in the peristyle, statues are to be placed in the empty niches, and a large cupola over the westernmost bay will contain a mosaic painting, represent-ing on a gold ground one of the earlier miracles of our Saviour. Above all, the screen that divided the nave from the choir has been removed, and the choir organ removed to the place destined for it by Wren; but there are still some fifty-two windows to fill with painted glass, and part of the organ-screen is to be re-

erected at the end of the north transept, and will form an internal porch surmounted by the well-known and deserved inscription to Sir Christopher Wren.

The stone lantern on the top of St. Paul's Cathedral weighs several hundred tons, and is carried by a brick cone of eighteen inches thick, with perfect safety, as long as the bottom course is prevented from bursting outwards. The weight of the dome of St. Paul's is over three thousand tons, occasioning a horizontal thrust of nearly fifteen hundred tons; the thrusts of these arches and of the dome, eminent architects say, are incomparably better balanced than in St. Peter's at Rome. St. Paul's has four bells, one in the northern, and three in the southern, or clock tower; the former is tolled for prayer three times a day, and has a clapper, but neither of the four can be raised upon end and rung, as other church bells. In the clock-tower are hung two bells for the quarters, and above them swings the great bell. It weighs eleven thousand four hundred and seventy-four pounds, and its diameter is nine feet. It was cast principally from the metal of the bell in the clock-tower opposite Westminster Hall gate, which before the Reformation was named Edward, after the royal confessor. Subsequently to the time of Henry the Eighth, says Mr. Timbs, it was called Great Tom, as Gough conjectures, by a corruption of Grand Ton, from its deep sonorous sound. While being conveyed, in William the Third's reign, under Temple Bar, it fell from the carriage; it stood under a shed in the cathedral yard for some years, and was at length re-cast, with additional metal, in 1716.

The great bell is never used, except for striking the hour, and for tolling at the deaths and funerals of any of the royal family, the Bishop of London, the dean of the cathedral, or the Lord Mayor, should he die in his mayoralty; the sound produced in tolling is not so loud as when the hour is struck, in consequence of the heavy clock-weight not being attached when the bell is tolled.

#### A POISON PLOT, AND ITS ISSUE.

It was the year of grace, eighteen hundred and four, when a dark war-cloud, gathering on the coast of France, threatened to burst in thunder on our shores, and would unquestionably have fulfilled its menace, but for the existence of one Horatio

Nelson, whose inopportune arrival might have rendered the passage of the aforesaid cloud as difficult, as its return in a condensed form would have been impossible.

For many and many a tedious month, a vast body of ardent warriors, burning to take part in the British "occupation," were compelled to find amusement of another kind, and numbers of these gentlemen were received as compulsory but not unwelcome guests into families resident in the vicinity of the "army of England," assembled at and near Boulogne. Among these, a certain Monsieur Levaillant, captain-adjudant in the head-quarters staff, was fortunate enough, as he thought, to find himself established in the house of Monsieur Brutinel, a retired merchant of some wealth, residing at St. Omer.

Adèle, the only child of Monsieur and Madame Brutinel—at this time about eighteen—was the acknowledged queen of beauty at St. Omer. Ambitious and self-willed, with a somewhat restless and romantic spirit, the girl had, nevertheless, many attractive qualities, and, could she have overcome the incessant craving for a wider sphere of action and enjoyment, and a grander career than was offered her at St. Omer, she might have reigned the peace-enjoying and peace-bestowing mistress of a rich and honourable, if not luxurious home.

Fate, however, ruled otherwise for Adèle, and if, with the arrival on the scene of the brilliant young officer, she saw dimly, in the horizon of her life, certain gleams of light which might brighten into a fuller glory, it is little wonder that Mademoiselle Brutinel was prepared to receive his inevitable homage, with all the indulgence Monsieur Levaillant could have desired.

As for the parents, not to mention that they were accustomed to exercise less control than is usual with French parents over their beautiful daughter, there was, in reality, no cause for interference. Monsieur Levaillant was extremely handsome, with graceful and captivating manners. He was, no doubt, rich, since, though on active service, or what was so called, he had his carriage and servants, and had been heard to speak of valuable house-property in Paris, of which the title-deeds had been seen. Already captain, he had a right, in those days of rapid promotion, to expect, in two years, to attain the rank of colonel, and the protection of Marshal Berthier, whose esteem he had won by a fortunate act of gallantry in the field,

seemed to open to him a way to yet higher distinctions.

Society in St. Omer was not at all surprised when it was definitely announced that the beautiful Adèle Brutinel was betrothed to Levaillant, and that the marriage would take place as quickly as the needful arrangements would permit.

In the mean time, Monsieur Brutinel, deeming it no more than his duty to verify the explanations hitherto vouchsafed by his intended son-in-law, opened a communication with the latter's mother, who, having become a widow, had married, in second nuptials, a Monsieur Chénier, a law-agent at Paris.

In reply, Madame Chénier informed him that the arrangements entered into with her second husband forbade the probability of anything but a very moderate portion of her late husband's fortune accruing to his son. Over and above this disappointment to the Brutinels, Madame Chénier, for reasons not fully apparent, entered a formal objection to the proposed marriage.

But Adèle, whose spirit rose with opposition, was bent upon the match. She declared that she would marry him to whom she had dedicated her first and only love, or no man else. In a word, she overcame with little difficulty the feeble opposition of her parents, induced her lover to make the thrice-repeated appeal (*sommation*) to his mother, required by the law; and, this done, married him, on, according to the republican calendar, the 20th Thermidor, A.R. 12, that is to say, August the 8th, 1804.

There followed a triumphal progress of several months, in which balls and parties of every kind, in honour of the lovely bride, testified to the renown of her beauty, and the devotion of her happy spouse. It was late in the year when they returned once more to St. Omer, and it became necessary to decide upon their future plans.

Monsieur Levaillant, however, had to return for a short interval to his military duties, while his fair partner, in the repose of home, indulged in dreams of coming splendour and triumph in the wide saloons of Paris, whither, on her lord's return, they were at once to repair.

A terrible incident awoke her to reality.

If a thunderbolt had fallen on the house of Monsieur Brutinel it could not have created greater consternation than did the tidings that Captain Levaillant, detected in a degrading crime—nothing less than actual theft—had been displaced from his honour-

able position, and sent, a disgraced man, to do garrison duty at Strasbourg.

Attempts had been made to slur over the inquiry, but it was remembered that Levaillant, while serving under Championnet, had been charged with a similar offence. His known gallantry, however, and perhaps the interest of Berthier, stood him in stead. It was resolved to take no further step against the unhappy officer than that which should stay his promotion, and remove him, in a great measure, from the society of honourable men.

And Adèle! What must have been the grief and bitterness of that proud spirit, roused from its ambitious dreams to the miserable certainty that she had sacrificed herself and her future to a man hopelessly disgraced—a creature whom, though she still loved, she could no longer respect! In the coolness of some, in the insulting pity of others—her former friends or rivals—Adèle drank the cup of humiliation to the very dregs.

A letter addressed at this period of anguish to her husband expresses in some degree the conflicting passions that agitated her soul. It is like the cry of the wounded lioness rather than the wail of woman:

"I confess to you frankly that, much as I love you, I would have rent my heart out rather than have yielded, but for the absolute certainty that, with your aid, I might have realised the ambitious hopes on which my heart has fed since childhood. I saw you already on the highway of honour; in two years colonel, in time general, marshal, prince—who knows! All these dreams are vanished—vanished with hope and happiness—for ever. Nothing remains but a shamed life. If Heaven would but take that also, there would be at least peace, since I should be nothing (*dans le néant*). Judge, my beloved, if fiends are not gnawing at my very heart! Reproach me if you please. Perhaps I deserve it; but I cannot change myself or you, and I feel that I carry in my single soul the sorrow and remorse that should attach to both. There—I have confessed it, and therein lies my bitterest grief."

The responses of the miserable man to these outbursts from a higher nature than his own were of a kind that only irritated the burning wound. They were chiefly composed of mean projects, sordid calculations, pitiful schemes for obtaining pecuniary help from their respective families.

Adèle's haughty spirit recoiled from such comfort as this. She had believed him a

hero; she found him a mean wretch, despised by his superiors, shunned and almost disowned by his family; hateful to hers, who imperatively required that she should free herself, by divorce, from so degrading a connexion.

"Your situation," she wrote to him, with bitter irony, "is brilliant indeed! You have absolutely seventeen hundred francs. You hope for an appointment that will give you fifteen hundred francs income more. My good friend, this is the pay of a commissioner! I would rather die than be the wife of one so fallen. With hopes so low, with thoughts so mean, as these, how dared you marry me? Ah, that I can forgive you this wrong, testifies how well I love you still! But my heart would break, only for the hope I have that one day, by some means, my early dreams will yet be realised."

At the close of the campaign Levaillant returned to Paris, and found employment as a humble clerk in one of the offices of the war department. His wife determined to join him, and Madame Chénier consenting to receive her daughter-in-law, Adèle arrived in Paris, and took up her abode in apartments prepared for her by her improvident husband, at an expense absurdly beyond his actual means, his income being at this time little more than a hundred a year. The Chéniers, it is true, were in easy circumstances, but they kept a large and costly establishment, always needed money, and Monsieur Chénier had been obliged to refuse to become security for the ten thousand francs "caution-money" required to obtain for his step-son an honourable employ.

Madame Levaillant had been attended to Paris by her maid, a girl named Magnier, brought up from childhood by the Brutinels, and generally known as "Mimi." Her husband had, moreover, engaged a valet, one Adolphe Rudolphe, a German, a drunken, worthless fellow, but who had managed, through a pretence of great devotion, to worm himself into the entire confidence of his master.

Things were in this position, when, on December the 30th, 1810, Madame Chénier, closely veiled, entered a fiacre, and proceeding to the préfecture of police, made the following statement:

"My daughter-in-law, Madame Levailant, enraged with me because I have refused to aid my son in his extravagant expenditure, has determined to poison me. It was on December the 15th that she made

known this criminal intention to her maid, Magnier. Pretending to connive at it, the faithful girl warned my coachman, Rudolphe—late in the service of my son—of what was in contemplation; and the two, in order to see how far the unhappy woman would prosecute her purpose, agreed to affect complicity.

"Feeling thus supplied with two faithful instruments, my daughter-in-law hesitated no longer. On December the 19th, she passed the whole morning in endeavouring to purchase arsenic at different shops, but could not obtain a sufficient quantity. It was then that Rudolphe thought it high time to warn me of my danger.

"Madame Levaillant's next step was to write to her father at St. Omer, requesting him to send her certain drugs for experimental purposes; and, in consequence, there was received on the 27th a letter from Monsieur Brutinel, containing two small packets, one of opium, the other of arsenic.

"In the mean time, hoping to deter the unhappy woman from a crime which would profit her nothing, I caused her to be reminded, through Rudolphe, that by reason of settlements made on my second marriage, my son would receive nothing at my death. To my horror, this only suggested an additional crime. Monsieur Chénier must now perish, too! I accordingly placed my husband on his guard, and, together, we awaited some further development of this murderous project.

"On the 29th, Madame Levaillant gave Rudolphe a little silver box, containing the poison, and thirty-five francs, as the first recompense for his intended aid.

"January the 1st was then fixed for the administration of the poison, and I assure you, Monsieur le Préfet," concluded Madame Chénier, "the danger is not illusory, nor will the plot fail for want of resolution on the part of my daughter-in-law, for, some days after having broken the matter to her maid, Magnier, she tried an experiment on the latter, which caused her a very serious illness; and, in fact, endangered her life."

The magistrate listened to this strange statement with all the attention it deserved. He could not, however, conceal from himself certain unusual features which seemed to call for explanation; such as the remarkable patience with which Madame Chénier had awaited—not to say encouraged—the development of the crime; the improbability of her son's complicity; and

the total absence of any well-defined temptation to such a deed—a deed, moreover, prepared with a degree of recklessness and audacity hardly reconcilable with a sane condition of mind in the intending criminal.

"Do you not feel some little hesitation, madame," asked the magistrate, gravely, "in bringing a charge of so serious a nature against, not only your daughter-in-law, but, perhaps, your son also?"

Madame Chénier shortly replied that corroboration should be forthcoming on the morrow, and thereupon withdrew.

The next day, accordingly, the servant Rudolphe presented himself at the préfecture, and confirmed his mistress's statement.

But Madame Chénier, who had a taste for intrigue and mystery, even for legitimate ends, had resolved that her daughter-in-law should convict herself, and furnish, without knowing it, incontestable proofs of her diabolical purpose.

Among the persons who visited her house, was one who was accustomed, while moving in good society, to fulfil the duties of agent of police. This gentleman, who experienced a keen delight in gently and gracefully hunting down any individual in politer circles who had incurred the censure of the law, was accustomed to regard crime less as an evil to be rid of, than as offering opportunities for the skill of the detector. It was by his advice that the counter-plot had been formed between Madame Chénier and the two servants. He it was who placed a concealed witness in a position to overhear the dialogue between Madame Levaillant and Rudolphe, when the latter received the silver box of poison. It was at his astute suggestion that the man asked Adèle for thirty-five francs, in order to supply those words, needed in an indictment for inciting to murder, "by gifts and promises." And he it was who, finally, in the last days of December, advised Madame Chénier to make known her position to two friends of the family, men of honour and distinction, Monsieur Beaufoil de Saint-Aulaire (Chevalier of St. Louis), and Monsieur Bouvard, well-known in the world of science, astronomer of the Observatory.

At the first mention of the matter, Monsieur de Saint-Aulaire burst into a roar of laughter.

"Allons donc, dear lady, 'tis impossible! From whom, in Heaven's name, have you this most incredible story?"

"From my servant Rudolphe."

"Who has designs upon your purse. My dear madam, his zeal has outrun his discretion."

"And what if you hear from the woman's own lips that such is her intention?"

"Then, but no sooner," said Saint-Aulaire, more gravely, "I shall believe it."

"With your leave, then, gentlemen," said Madame Chénier, "I will place you in a dark cabinet, where you can overhear what passes between Madame Levaillant and Rudolphe, at an interview he will procure."

Monsieur de Saint-Aulaire hesitated. He had never taken part in such ambuscades, and would fain have escaped the unpleasant duty assigned him; but Madame Chénier would take no denial. It was necessary, she said, to obtain some incontrovertible evidence. This done, the game would be in her hands, and indulgence might be shown.

Saint-Aulaire only yielded on condition that the matter should be dealt with by a family council, and not a public tribunal, and that, by petition to the emperor, the unhappy woman should be placed under fitting restraint.

This agreed upon, January the 1st, the day of the intended murder, was also fixed on for the interview alluded to.

It would seem, however, that Madame Levaillant had some compunctions visitings, for a letter from "Mimi" Magnier warned Madame Chénier that, though her master and mistress would call to pay their new year's compliments, it was not their purpose to stay to dinner, unless pressed to do so. This looked so much like hesitation, that Madame Chénier was half inclined to let the matter rest. She was, however, overruled in this by her friend, the agent of police.

The Levaillants arrived in due course, and were received with all politeness, Madame Chénier actually having the courage to imprint a maternal kiss on the forehead of her intended murderer. They were invited to dine, and at once accepted.

Before sitting down, the man Rudolphe found an opportunity of speaking apart to Madame Levaillant, and told her he had something to communicate, that he would give her a signal by touching the back of her chair, and that she would then find him awaiting her in the room below.

The dessert was placed on the table before Adèle recognised the expected signal. Pale and trembling, oppressed with an

uneasy sense of coming danger, she listened to Rudolphe's departing steps, and heard him enter the room below. A minute later, she rose, complaining of the warmth of the stove, and, quickly following the man, rejoined him in a small apartment, separated only by a thin partition from the cabinet in which Messieurs Saint-Aulaire and Bouvard were concealed.

Then Rudolphe, speaking loudly and distinctly, affected to remind her of the conditions of the criminal compact concluded between them, accusing her of attempting to poison Mimi, and questioning her closely as to the complicity of her husband.

Again and again the trembling woman begged him to lower his voice.

"Never fear," said the traitor, "there is no one on this floor, and the doors are locked."

The dialogue was resumed, when, suddenly, the door of the cabinet flew open, and the gentlemen appeared.

"Ah, is it you, Monsieur Beaufoil?" screamed the terrified woman. "What are you seeking?"

"Nothing," was the sole reply; and the witnesses quitted the room.

Aware at once of her danger, Adèle turned, and tried to escape by the garden. But Rudolphe barred the way. She tried the court, but there she was met by a group of strange and threatening faces. Agents of police now came up, and Monsieur Chénier himself, advancing in the midst, reproached her with her infamous project.

She threw herself at his feet:

"Ah, monsieur, can you believe that I, a girl of twenty, could meditate such an atrocity?"

She was lifted into a carriage, and conveyed directly to the préfecture.

Interrogated by the magistrate, Adèle endeavoured to cast the burden of guilt upon the man who had betrayed her. If she had followed him into the apartment below, it was for the purpose of prevailing on him to abandon the project of poisoning Madame Chénier, to which he had been incited by her cruel treatment of her son, Levaillant, to whom he (Rudolphe) was devotedly attached.

But this line of defence proving untenable, the accused presently threw off the mask, and confessed that, in a moment of hate and desperation, she had conceived the murderous idea attributed to her, and communicated it both to Mimi and Rudolphe. That, far from dissuading her,

these entered warmly into the scheme, Rudolphe even pointing out that the death of Madame Chénier alone would be profitless, and hinting that it would cost no more to poison the coffee-cream for two, than for one! That, failing to procure arsenic among the Paris chemists, she wrote for it to her father, who, ignorant of her purpose, sent her six grains, together with some opium, intended for the toothache, from which he knew she had been suffering.

Hardly had she given the poison to Rudolphe, than she was seized with remorse, and sought in vain to repossess herself of the deadly drug. Rudolphe was never to be found. It was true she had promised to compensate both servants for their share in the transaction, and had given Rudolphe thirty-five francs. But this sum he had demanded of her, urging that he had no money at all.

The evidence of Mimi tended to inculpate Monsieur Levaillant, hitherto unaccused.

"At the beginning of December, after a refusal of pecuniary assistance from Madame Chénier, Levaillant flew into a violent rage, and was heard to say to his wife, 'You are right. We shall never be happy until that ogress is dead!'

"Some days later, my mistress put a small quantity of poison into a dish of haricots, to test the strength. Neither she nor my master touched the dish. *I* did, however, and was dreadfully ill." The witness described, at great length, the ordinary effects of arsenical poisoning.

"Did you not," she was asked, "mention this incident to your mistress?"

"No. Some days after I heard her telling my master that she would try another experiment upon me. But he objected."

"Still, you said nothing?"

"Yes. One day I said to her, 'Don't think me such a fool as not to know that there was something in that dish of haricots.' My mistress coloured up, and said it must have been the fault of the cook at the eating-house."

The man Rudolphe gave his account of the interview with the accused at the house of Madame Chénier.

He stated that January the 1st had been fixed upon for administering the poison, because on that day Madame Chénier was likely to receive a visit from her two granddaughters, the Demoiselles Lacotte; and as she was known to have had a grave misunderstanding with these young ladies, the murder might be attributed to them. As

it happened, they did not come, and he, Rudolphe, opened the conversation with Madame Levaillant by calling her attention to this fact.

"Well, we will defer it to another day."

"Is your husband, madame, acquainted with what is in contemplation?"

"No. But speak lower."

"You promised me two hundred louis, and as yet you have given me only thirty-five francs. Do you mean to keep your word?"

"Yes, I do."

"But, madame, money and promises will not recompense me for the mischief you have done my friend poor Mimi, whom you tried to poison."

"She had no business to eat that dish. Besides, the poison was nothing to speak of. I was merely testing its strength."

"At this moment," continued Rudolphe, "there was a movement in the cabinet where the gentlemen were concealed. Madame Levaillant, alarmed, threw herself at my feet, declaring that she was ruined, and imploring me to return the box of poison. Then the gentlemen appeared, and she was arrested."

Messieurs de Saint-Aulaire and Bouvard did not entirely agree as to the conversation they had overheard. Both declared that the accused had denied her husband's complicity. But Monsieur Bouvard alone had heard her acknowledge having poisoned Mimi.

Upon the whole, it was considered that ground existed for the arrest of Levaillant. His later movements were inquired into. It was found that he had removed his papers and movables from his lodgings, and sought refuge at the house of a friend. Refused this favour, he had wandered aimlessly about the city, until apprehended by those in search of him.

In his examination at the préfecture, he was informed that his wife had confessed the intended crime, and denounced him as the instigator. This he strenuously denied. He was then placed in a solitary cell. The next morning the unfortunate officer was found suspended from a bar of the window, having been dead many hours.

On the table were several sheets of paper closely written, each bearing the address of the person for whom it was intended.

To the prefect he had written :

"What inference will be drawn from the manner of my death? No matter. If a belief that I am guilty can be beneficial to my poor Adèle, let it be so. I entreat you,

monsieur, to deal mercifully with that unhappy creature, who, if restless and discontented by nature, has an excellent heart. With but a little humanity and consideration, Madame Chénier might have saved us all this misery, and bound Adèle to her for ever in love and gratitude."

To his mother he wrote :

"Farewell, my dear, unhappy mother. I know how greatly you are to be pitied. It is I who am the cause of your grief. Had I followed your advice six years ago, I should have now been a happy and prosperous man. But great passions are always blind and uncalculating. I recommend my unfortunate wife to your pity. I am now about to sacrifice to her all that remains to me—my life. Imitate my magnanimity so far as to forgive."

The following bore no address :

"Rather a thousand deaths than a dishonoured life. An arrest is an ineffaceable stain. For you—for you, my Adèle—I am now a prisoner here. But I forgive you with my whole heart."

To his wife :

"My first thought, and my last, for my Adèle. She is near me at this moment, sleeping, it may be, and unconscious of my neighbourhood. But for these cruel bars, I would imprint one last kiss on her lips. Never was wife so fondly beloved. I only lived for her; now I die for her. My last prayer, save one, is for myself. Adèle, my last of all for thee. . . . . Midnight.—Farewell. Your name is wrought on the very scarf which— Do not grieve. Farewell."

To Rudolphe and Mimi he had written :

"It is said you are to be married. May your union be happy, but I fear it commences under sinister auspices. Soon or late God rewards and punishes. To him and to your own consciences I commit you. Had you warned me at the beginning, crime and misery would have been spared us all."

To Monsieur Chénier he simply wrote :

"Knowing what you did concerning myself from Messieurs de Saint-Aulaire and Bouvard, you should not have pushed the affair to this extremity."

Madame Levaillant was actually under examination, when news of her husband's death reached the préfecture.

The maid, Mimi, had just produced a sealed letter intrusted to her, some days before, by her mistress, to put in the post, and which, being addressed to Monsieur Brutinel, her father, and no doubt contain-

ing some allusion to the poison obtained from him, she, Mimi, had retained.

But the letter, on examination, contained nothing but expressions of respect and tenderness.

At this moment Levaillant's death was announced, and caused the unhappy prisoner to sink swooning to the ground. Restored to herself, her mind appeared at once to grasp the new position of affairs, and to recognise the path of escape open to her.

She declared that, her husband being no more, concealment was no longer necessary. It was he who had conceived and directed all, her recent confessions being intended solely to transfer the guilt from him to herself.

She was therefore shown a letter she had written to her husband, in which she accused Rudolphe of the intended crime. But this, she declared, was written expressly to mislead the authorities, in the event of detection.

It had been already decided to include Monsieur Brutinel in the charge, and orders for his apprehension were sent to St. Omer. He had quitted home, it was found, but only to proceed direct to Paris, where, having announced his arrival to the police, he occupied himself in making preparations for the defence of his daughter and himself.

The trial took place May the 10th, 1811, and excited very great interest.

Adèle was defended by a distinguished advocate of the time, Monsieur Coutare, a gentleman who, four years later, during the Hundred Days, had the courage, in defending a Bourbon journalist, to declare that there could be no French high-treason against Napoleon, he being, by his own declaration on the Champ de Mai, solely king of Elba.

Monsieur Coutare's counsel to Madame Levaillant was frank, and to the point.

"Voyons, madame, you are guilty. The attempt must be, not to clear you, but to save your head. You projected and arranged this crime. From that, I cannot absolve you. But it was suggested to you by your husband and your mother-in-law, assisted by these servants, who wrought for their own profit, enticed you on slowly, surely, into the ambush prepared for you. More, when you sought to renounce your

purpose, they would not suffer it. There is the point—and that is your defence."

So ably and eloquently did Monsieur Coutare work out this idea, that he not only contrived to excite an extraordinary amount of sympathy for the accused woman, but actually, and contrary perhaps to his intention, evoked a feeling of indignation against Madame Chénier and the police, in which the remembrance of the prisoner's guilty purpose was all but annihilated. As for the two servants, it was with some difficulty they were protected from popular violence. But for those vile, and apparently willing instruments, the crime, it was urged, would never have passed beyond conception.

The verdict of the jury was in accordance with public anticipation.

Monsieur Brutinel was entirely acquitted.

Adèle was declared not guilty of the attempt to poison Mimi Magnier, but guilty of an attempt to poison Madame Chénier; an attempt, however, which had not arrived at actual execution, the delay not being attributable to any circumstances beyond the prisoner's control. This amounted to an acquittal.

In dismissing the accused, the president addressed Adèle as follows :

"You have been pronounced guilty of an attempt at a horrible crime, and well is it for you that it approached no step nearer completion. Justice, unable to inflict a fitting penalty, leaves you to the chastisement of your own conscience."

Through the action of the police, exasperated at the failure of the process they had so carefully promoted, a report of the case was laid before the emperor, who, on his own imperial authority, cancelled the verdict of the jury, and caused Madame Levaillant to be lodged in St. Lazare. Here she remained till 1814, when, taking advantage of the confusion created by the entrance into Paris of the allied troops, she escaped by night, through the aid of a rope-ladder—escaped, neither to be sought for nor heard of more.

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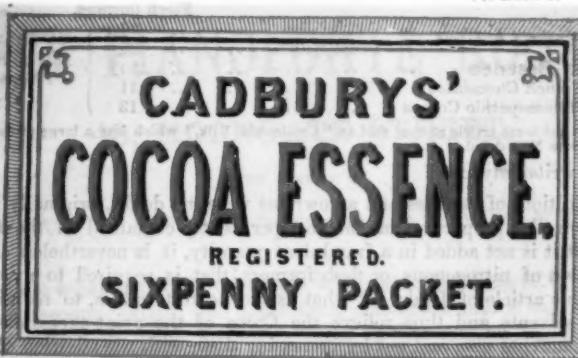
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		Flesh formers.
Dr. Johnson's Analysis	Cocoa Nibs .. ..	23 ..
	Dried Milk* .. ..	35 ..
Cocoa Essence .. .. .. ..	31 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> ..	Out of every
Best French Chocolates .. .. .. ..	11 ..	100 parts
Best Homeopathic Cocoas .. .. .. ..	13 ..	

\* This is not the same article as that sold as "Condensed Milk," which has a large proportion of sugar added; but it is pure Milk dried.

An able writer says:—

"The additions of starches and arrowroots were, no doubt, originally instituted to attenuate down the proportion of fat (50 per cent.) contained in the Cocoa Nibs. Supposing that it is not added in a fraudulent quantity, it is nevertheless a mistake, as it is the addition of nitrogenous, or flesh formers, that is required to make the Cocoa a more desirable article of food; or, what is the nearest to this, to reduce the fat by expression or solvents, and thus relieve the Cocoa of the great excess of heat givers, by partially removing one, and not by increasing them with the addition of that which it already contains."—*Medical Press and Circular*, May 26th, 1869.

### O P I N I O N S   O F   T H E   P R E S S .

"Cocoa treated thus, will, we expect, prove to be one of the most nutritious, digestible, and restorative of drinks."—*British Medical Journal*, July 20th, 1867.

"We have examined the samples brought under our notice, and find that they are genuine, and that the Essence of Cocoa is just what it is declared to be by Messrs. CADBURY BROTHERS."—*The Lancet*, July 27th, 1867.

"We believe that the description which the inventors give is a true one, and that the "Cocoa Essence" is an agreeable and economical preparation. A little of it goes a great way, and, besides its own nutritive qualities, is as refreshing to the mouth as the "rough cup of black tea," which many persons desire for their morning draught.

"We may say, in conclusion, that "Cadbury's Cocoa Essence" seems so cheap that it might be introduced into many boarding schools, in lieu of the discoloured watery liquid which is served out under the misused name of tea."—*The Medical Times and Gazette*, August 24th, 1867.

"There is one thing to be said in favour of our principal Cocoa manufacturers, that they seldom advertise these powdered Cocoas as genuine; they either leave out that important word altogether, or call them "prepared" Cocoas; and this word should be borne in mind by those who wish to avoid the prepared and to obtain the real article, and are consequently ready to pay a fair price for such; \* \* \* those who wish for *pure* Cocoa in a convenient form, should, therefore, obtain the Cocoa ESSENCE."—*Nature*, October 20th, 1870.

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# AMERICAN ORGANS.

[From THE ORCHESTRA, June 14th, 1872.]

SOME thirty or forty years back an enforced Lent was kept after a fashion by the amusement seeking public of the metropolis, a bad joke being perpetrated about the Lord Chamberlain making the doors of the theatres fast, if their frequenters were beyond his reach. In two cases however, the doors were opened to strange audiences: and the exceptional attractions of Oratories and Orreries enabled "serious" people on Wednesdays and Fridays to gain a glimpse of the interior of the theatre whose ordinary performances were forbidden to them. "Walker's Orrery" was for a long time a successful institution; but it languished through a bigger rival with a Greek name—"Adams's Eidouranion." This last once even essayed without ruin the Haymarket Opera House; we think Walker was generally located at the Adelphi. The astronomical illustrations were shown by a magic lantern, the theatre being darkened: the final scene showing the heavenly bodies in motion—describing rapid arcs something like the coloured balls familiar to visitors to the Crystal Palace on firework nights. It was thought wise to enlist appropriate music, and this was furnished by a comparatively recent invention, Mr. Green's "Seraphine." It certainly pleased the audience: they were not critical, possibly hardly knew what to make of it: their unanimous description of the seraphine's indistinct succession of slow chords was contained in the word—"heavenly." No one, surely, could more appropriately illustrate Adams and Walker than Mr. Green. The seraphine is practically extinct, but it has had a line of successors, which are now all merged in two: the Harmonium and the American Organ. Admitting the great perfection to which the Harmonium has been brought, and its marvellous power in the hands of such artists as M. Lemmens and Mr. Tamplin, we propose on the present occasion to confine our remarks chiefly to the English form which the American "Cottage Organ," "Parlour Organ," or "Reed Organ," has now assumed; reference being specially made to the instruments manufactured by J. B. Cramer & Co. These vary from a single row of reeds, with a compass of five octaves, which is sold for twelve guineas, to an instrument costing two hundred guineas, which has a highly-enriched case in American walnut, with gilt front pipes, and twenty-two stops, six and a-half full rows of reeds on the two manuals, and independent reeds of sixteen and thirty-two feet tone on the two-and-a-half octaves of pedals. The instruments most in demand for the drawing-room occupy a middle position between the above. An excellent model contains ten stops—or three full rows of reeds of sixteen, eight, and four feet tone, with an additional octave of sixteen-feet tone, to strengthen the bass, the Vox Humana stop, and two really efficient Forte stops.

The American Organ differs greatly in quality of tone and construction from the Harmonium. The sounds are produced by the action of wind upon reeds differently constructed, and these are voiced to a soft mellow tone, imitating as nearly as possible the diapasons of the organ. The supply of wind is obtained by means of exhaust bellows, instead of pressure, as, on the old plan. This arrangement, in addition to producing a more agreeable and more vocal tone, renders the reeds less liable to fractures or getting out of tune.

Of the stops to which separate rows of reeds are allotted, the Diapason bass, and Diapason or Dulciana treble, are the foundation stops of eight-feet tone; then the Principal bass and treble, an octave higher, of four-feet tone; then the Bourdon bass and treble, an octave lower than the Diapason, or sixteen-feet tone.

The Veiled Bourdon, or Sub-bass, is of great weight in full passages. The reeds are broad and heavy, and they are so voiced as to imitate very closely the open Pedal pipes of the organ.

The Vox Jubilante is an improvement on the Voix Celeste of the Harmonium. It is somewhat similar in character, each note being formed by the vibration of two reeds, but of a purer tone; the reeds being of peculiar construction, and a novel arrangement being adopted in supplying them with wind.

There are various solo stops, effective in themselves, and some of them—the Clarinet, for instance—marvellously like the instrument whose name they bear. By

combining these with one or more of the other stops, an almost endless variety may be obtained.

The Vox Humana, a mechanical stop of great effect, is introduced in nearly all the American Organs of Cramer and Co. It is simply a revolving fan, which acts upon the wind before it reaches the reeds, and produces a wavy, sympathetic tone—a perfect *vibrato*—on the stop which is drawn with it.

The Octave Coupler, an extremely useful stop, gives the octave *above* the note struck in addition to the note itself, thereby doubling the power of the instrument. Unlike the imported instruments, Cramers' patented Coupler couples above instead of below; by this means greater brilliancy is obtained, in fact the effect is that of the principal and fifteenth on the organ; whereas the instruments of American manufacture in coupling *below* deprive the organ of much of its brightness.

The Automatic Swell is intended to dispense altogether with the "Expression" stop, unlike which it is extremely simple to use. A perfect crescendo or diminuendo is obtained simply by more or less rapid action of the blowing pedals.

The Patent Knee Swell is constructed upon the Venetian principle, and acts upon all except the Solo Stops.

The "Basso Prolongo" is an extremely useful mechanical contrivance, recently introduced and patented by Cramers. It is placed in the lowest bass octave, and gives the power of sustaining the note struck until another key is pressed down, when the first one rises and the other is in like manner sustained until similarly released. The mechanism of this stop is very simple and not at all likely to become deranged.

The Resonant cases give much additional power in tone, and in appearance are extremely elegant. The hollow air-reservoirs are especially effective with the solo stops.

In the imported instruments there was a want of rapid articulation; this Cramers have remedied by introducing a new reed valve, which, instead of allowing the wind to enter the cavity by degrees, admits it at once; the action being so nicely adjusted and regulated that the touch is quite equal to the "Percussion action" of the Harmonium.

It is not to be supposed that even now the American Organ has reached its highest point of perfection, and the improvements which Messrs. Cramer have made afford an earnest of possibly even greater ones for the future. For general availability, however, it has secured its position; in the school, the drawing-room, the concert-room, and the church. One use seems specially valuable: its accompaniment of recitatives in choral works, where the pianoforte would be inadmissible. Many of our readers will doubtless remember the admirable effect of Bach's "Passion" in Westminster Abbey, when the recitatives were thus accompanied.

In conclusion, the American Organ is beautiful in tone, and so easy of manipulation, that a diligent student will take but a very short time to master its capabilities: these range from the lightest pianoforte music to the sublime pedal fugues of Sebastian Bach. As an accompaniment for voices it is simply perfect. Used with a pianoforte it is a small orchestra; and music written for solo instruments—as the violin, clarionet, &c.—rarely to be heard but in the concert-room, may be excellently rendered at home. It has all the advantages of a small organ and none of its drawbacks. The playing on a very small pipe organ causes a most unpleasant degree of vibration in an ordinary dwelling-house, and indeed in the houses adjoining. Ten times the power may be obtained from the American Organ without any of this inconvenience. The economy of space, too, is not one of its least advantages. We commenced our notice with an allusion to Mr. Green's "heavenly" seraphine. What would its admirers say to the tones of the American Organ as now developed from the original species?

One word of counsel to any one who contemplates buying an American Organ may not be out of place. Before going to the maker's warerooms to choose, let him see and hear one, if he can, in the house of a private friend. So many of Cramers' instruments have been sold to the public, that this can hardly be difficult: and the experience thus gained, with perhaps a candid unprofessional opinion, may be brought to bear effectually in the somewhat puzzling selection from the large number which the maker may bring before his notice.

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